

Office, No. 32 Pleasant Street.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Five dollars a year in advance or \$3 at the end of the year.

ADVERTISING:  
For one square, 10 lines, or less, 3 insertions \$1.00  
Each additional insertion .50  
Three months 3.50  
Six months 6.00  
One year 10.00

**RANKIN HOUSE.**  
Pike Street, within 200 feet of the depot, CYNTHIANA, KY.  
Accommodations first-class. Cars stop 1/2 hour for breakfast. Large Livery and Sale Stable attached.  
General Stage office. Agent, Adams Express Company.  
**T. R. RANKIN,** Proprietor.  
Feb 21-47

**CYNTHIANA HOUSE.**  
Main street, nearly opposite the Court House, Cynthiana, Ky. **F. ROBITZER,** Proprietor.  
Feb 25-65

**ELIZABETH HOUSE.**  
Corner Russell and Pike streets, Covington, Ky.  
I have leased the Elizabeth House for a term of years, and will be pleased to have the old friends of the house give me a call, and all of my old friends and the public generally, and I will endeavor to attend to their wants by giving them the best of the market affords. I have reduced the fare to \$2.00 per day.  
Jan 18-66 **H. E. BOSWELL.**

**PLANTER'S HOUSE.**  
Late Magnolia House, Madison Street, between Pike and Seventh, Covington, Ky. This house is located in the central portion, with first class accommodations. It has recently been renovated and furnished with the best of furniture. The table will be furnished with everything the market affords, charges moderate.  
Jul 4-66 **W. W. SMITH, Pro'r.**

**METROPOLITAN HOTEL.**  
Cincinnati, Oct. 17, 1866.  
After thanking the traveling public for their past liberal patronage, I take pleasure in saying that I have this day associated with me in the

**METROPOLITAN HOTEL,**  
Mr. W. A. THURSTON, long and well known as the proprietor of that most excellent hotel the Bonhion House, of Paris, Ky., and to his hosts of friends I need only say that he is still a live hotel-keeper, and knows well the wants of the public.

**N. WEARE.**  
Having associated ourselves together in the well-known Metropolitan Hotel, we would say that the house is in splendid condition for convenience, style and comfort is not surpassed by any hotel in the city; and we hope by giving prompt personal attention to the wants of our guests, to give satisfaction to any and all who may be pleased to call upon us. We will add that while others are charging \$3.50 and \$4.00, we are charging only THREE DOLLARS PER DAY. Hoping to have many friends.  
We are, respectfully,  
nov 22 **WEARE & THURSTON.**

**DR. H. RUTHERFORD,**  
TAKES this opportunity to return his thanks to the people of Cynthiana, and Harrison county, for their liberal patronage, and will endeavor to merit its continuance by strict attention to his patients. Having had thirty years' experience in the practice of the various branches of the Medical Profession, he begs to be able to give general satisfaction.  
Office at Shawhan's Drug Store, Residence, Main St., opposite I. T. Maitlin's residence.  
Aug. 2nd, 1866.

**Drs. McNEES & BALTZELLE.**  
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, &c., would respectfully inform the public that they are prepared to treat  
**ALL FORMS OF DISEASE,**  
Upon the most scientific principles, irrespective of sex, age, or condition. Special attention given to the treatment of Chronic Diseases, and diseases peculiar to females.  
Office—Pleasant street, west of Main.  
**W. T. McNEES,**  
**T. W. BALTZELLE.**  
Oct 18-66

**R. PECKOVER, D.D.S.**  
**E. J. PECKOVER, D.D.S.**  
**Peckover & Co., Dentists,**  
CYNTHIANA & PARIS.  
Having opened an office in Cynthiana, we will be pleased to see our old patients and the public generally at any time. All work done at Cincinnati prices, and in a satisfactory manner. Prompt attention given to all cases in the country. Office over North-ent's store.  
nov 3-66

**D. A. GIVENS.**  
Dealer in fancy and staple Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Queens-ware, Floor Oil Cloths, &c.  
CYNTHIANA, KY.  
Feb 2-65

**CHAS. T. DANIEL,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Cynthiana, Ky.  
Due attention given to the collection of claims and all other professional business entrusted to him.  
OFFICE 32 Pleasant street.  
Feb 14-47

**MATT. TURNEY,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
PARIS, KENTUCKY.  
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him in Bourbon and surrounding Counties. Office adjoining the Court House.  
Feb 7-47

**George Hehr, Blacksmith,**  
Shop on Walnut Street, Cynthiana, Ky.  
ALL new work entrusted to him will be done on reasonable terms, and Horse-Shoeing done according to nature. Everything done in my line will be done with promptness and to suit those who may favor me with their patronage. He is also a FARRIER, and understands the diseases of horses.  
Aug 2-66

**CARPENTER & BRO.,**  
**Builders and Contractors,**  
CYNTHIANA, KY.  
Are prepared to contract and build Houses, and finish them in a style to suit. All kinds of building material, consisting of every description of Lumber, Shingles and Lath, on hand and for sale.  
Mar 22-66

**T. H. ROSSER, J. M. MOREY.**  
**Wholesale and Retail**  
**Grocers & Commission Merchants,**  
Broad Street, Selma, Ala.  
References—First National Bank, J. C. Graham & Co., of Selma, Alabama.  
Agents for the sale of Western Produce.  
May 3-66

# THE CYNTHIANA NEWS.

VOL. XII. CYNTHIANA, KY.; FEBRUARY 28, 1867. NO. 51.

Cynthiana News Job Office.  
**JOB PRINTING:**

SUCH AS  
Posters, Labels, Programmes, Business Cards, Hand Bills, Visiting Cards, Circulars, Ball Tickets, Blanks, Party Tickets, Bill Heads, Funeral Tickets.  
We are prepared to execute all kinds of  
**BOOK, PLAIN AND FANCY**

## LINES:

Written for the Memorial Association, of Fredericksburg, Va.  
Gather the sacred dust,  
Of the warriors tried and true,  
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,  
And fell in the cause, though lost, still just.

And died for me and you:  
Gather them each and all,  
From the private to the child,  
Come they from hovel or princely hall,  
They fell for us, and for them should fall,  
The tears of a nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn,  
O'er many a battle plain,  
From many a grave that lies so lone;  
Without a name and without a stone,  
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,  
Dear is their lifeless clay;  
Whether unknown or known to fame,  
Their cause and country is still the same,  
They died—and were the gray.

Wherever the brave have died,  
They should not rest apart,  
Living, they struggled side by side—  
Why should the hand of death divide  
A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay,  
Wherever it may rest;  
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,  
Just as they fell on the battle day,  
Bury them breast to breast.

The foe need not dread,  
This gathering of the brave;  
Without sword or flag, and with countless dead—  
Out of each lonely grave:  
The foe need not brow;

They are all powerless now—  
We gather them here, and lay them down,  
And tears and prayers are the only crown,  
We bring to each each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,  
While the living each we weep;  
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,  
And the brave that once together bled,  
To-day their still shall sleep.

[From Demorest's Magazine.]  
**HOW ALBERT DELMANIE CAME TO GRIEF.**

BY FLORENCE AVERNE.

The opera of Faust was the beginning of evil; for, by some strange interposition of evil fate, it was, in truth, a witch, a human incarnation, of one of the weird women of the ghostly Sabbath, who sang the role of Gretchen—a gorgeous, sensuous Italian.

There she stood, magnificent in beauty, voluptuous in contour; voiced like a siren, draped like a statue, looking when her eyes were cast down, pure and statuesque, when she raised them, like what she was—a radiant devil.

And there sat Albert Delmanie, gazing at the embodiment of his own evil destiny, breathing in her voice, drinking in her beauty, the maddest of all the madmen there.

Strange that he should rush into the very jaws of the yawning gulf of passion while the music was sending up the hot breath of the abode of Mephistopheles, and sobbing, sighing, moaning into its piteous lesson in the accents of the opera which, though inferior as music, absolutely evolves what Don Giovanni only suggests.

And it was sad, too, to see that beautiful American face which, to the correctness of feature that even Lamartine, America's tragedian, allows the native type to possess, added that openness of expression resulting from a free birth and a free life; sad indeed, to see it become as dark with the simoon of passion as that of any European there, even those who had been bronzed in Paris and Vienna, and scorched in the love fires of Naples and Florence.

Mrs. Delmanie, the mother of Albert, was present in her private box, and beside her sat Ione Travers, the young girl whom the mother longed to see the wife of her son. Ione gazed without seeing, conscious only that the eyes of the Italian repelled her.

Albert had made no vows to Ione. There she sat, the true Gretchen, (had Gretchen remained as when Faust saw her enter the church,) and gazed quietly at the scene before her. She was a lovely study; the purest thing, one of our own pure girls; frank, ingenuous, modest, good and looking so, and there sat Albert, blind as are only those who will not see.

The golden mass of radiant locks, to the pure snowy skin, was added in Ione's the grace of the native type, oval in form, and without that tendency to the grotesque which mars the face of French women, even when pretty; without the tendency to coarseness, which, except in youth, lessens the extreme beauty of the English

type; without the strongly defined lines of the Italian contour, the breadth that mars the Russian face; her face was sweeter than the Roman; more expressive though somewhat less absolutely regular than the Greek; nobler than any other type in the world, and, in its pure American beauty, it was one to attract even an indifferent eye. The brow broad though rather low than high, the nose delicate though decided, the lips chaste though full of feeling, the chin not weak, though not rounded upward in the antique mold—a form which is apt to become too decided after the first years of youth—with dark blue eyes containing a spot of gray in the center, with the brightness of innocence and the depths of feeling within them, and lashes of the darkest brown, all these component parts blended in a perfect whole. Her beauty was suggestive—suggestive of a mental heaven.

Turn to the Italian now. Mark that face where white paint is substituted for the pallor of feeling, and the clear tint which departs after purity of life is at an end; where red gives a new color to lips pallid by last night's orgie; where the features are already beginning to lose their contour they had in Giovanna Laschetti's youth, where the throat is thickened and venous already, and where the hair—black as night and its mysteries—is, despite the white and gold powder with which it is disguised, powerless to purify the face. For those eyes, let them strive as they will to give pure looks, are full of fatal fire beneath their treacherous softness.

What a voice! Liquid, lovely, lulling, and languid.  
Suddenly the eyes of the Laschetti met those of Albert. The young man turned whiter than the camellia he was twisting in his fingers, and which, previous to the appearance of the prima donna, he had pilfered from Ione's bouquet.

It was the scene outside of the church, the scene where Gretchen struggles against the whispers of the devil, and yields and does not go into the church. "Dannata sei!" says Mephistopheles, and the music renders the tearing of a heart in mangleable anguish.

It is just possible that Giovanna had seen the beautiful American youth before; but when she bent her eyes full upon him, it was at the moment when the devil had conquered. Her wonderfully expressive eyes had a heart-rending power. How the devil must have chuckled at that moment! He had things all his own way.

She superb features of Albert's face betrayed his emotion. His lips quivered, the dark gray of his intense eyes grew black; the pupils dilated passionately; and he looked down, and thought that the stage, with this woman upon it, seemed to rock a little, and she bent forward entrancing him with her concentrated gaze, till he almost gasped as he leaned back in the box where he sat. The thing that gazed at him, feeling his beauty in her passionate Italian heart, had at that moment a fatal, never utterly to be forgotten beauty. What large, big eyes she had! Large naturally, and exaggerated by art, they seemed a lovely sea into which his soul was sinking.

The last look that the Laschetti gave, previous to departing life theatrically, was at Albert. It gave a color to his whole life, a dark shade that it would not have worn had that evening not been passed as it was. It changed the whole destiny of the Laschetti, whose only law was love—love as Italians know it and class it.

To place his mother and Ione in Mrs. Delmanie's carriage, to hurriedly excuse himself, to absently implore an introduction to Giovanna, of Paulo Rossi, a dog of an Italian to whom he had never given any thing until now but nods that were equivalent to kicks, but who, behind the scenes that evening, had absolutely touched the hand of the diva as he picked up one of her bouquets; then to obtain a deep look from Giovanna, whose foot was resting on the step of her carriage as Rossi dragged Albert forward, to follow the carriage and spend an hour walking before what he supposed to be her windows at the New-York Hotel; was all, Delmanie was convinced, that stood that night between him and insanity.

The Laschetti had dropped a red fuchsia, accidentally of course, as she entered her carriage and drove off with out any further acknowledgment of Albert's presentation than the long look she had given him: as he gazed at the blood-red leaves, he wondered that, having touched her, the flower did not become a ruby.

And she would sleep—she who had "murdered sleep" for so many that night. He could fancy the expres-

sive, somewhat massive, yet glorious features subdued into stillness when the large, heavily fringed eyelids should close, the unbound hair sweeping the pillow; the dangerous eye veiled; and he wondered if he should ever meet the deep look in her eyes again as he had met them that night. Perhaps she was displeased at his boldness. With that thought his blood seemed to chill.

Could he have entered the mystic temple, he would have seen a woman from whose face the theatrical maquilage had been removed, a dark, haggard woman, though young; not young in expression now; a woman with bloodshot eyes; a relaxed and pallid mouth; from which all its witchery had departed, with heavy lines beneath her eyelids; a woman whose cheeks were an awful pallor, and who tossed in her sleep and moaned, "Ti detesto!" but that might be from some opera. Still you would have fancied her pursued by a danger.

The morning found Albert at the rehearsal. The Laschetti, who knew what she was about, sang with an embroidered veil over her face, and Albert saw only the fatal mirage of her eyes. A few days after he was introduced into that heaven of heavens, the Laschetti's parlor; where a demi-jour of rose that had been established and a becoming light created.

The grain of the skin will show by daylight, whatever precaution may be taken to prevent it, and Albert saw that his idol was dark and not of an ivory, but rather a dusky darkness; the line, in fact, which belongs to the skin of Italian women of the lower order. But what features! How marvellous in their massive contour! What eyes! there lay the lure! and how the liquid Italian—Albert's favorite of all languages—rolled from her lips! How her eyes accompanied his voice, both singing the gamut of passion!

Albert had conceived for this woman a passion so deep, so absolute, so all-encompassing that nothing less than to make her his for life could satisfy him. The Laschetti was bad enough, as you will see, but it was of his own free will that Albert Delmanie, the son of a pure mother, a man who might have married a beautiful girl; possessed of every good quality, a girl with whom a marriage would have conferred every social advantage; a man whose father had borne an untarnished name; and whose own life had been unmarred by any unkindness on the part of his parents, offered his hand in lawful marriage to an Italian adventuress, forgetting honor, mother, father, position, the future, in this fatal passion that had whelmed his soul.

The Italian had been accustomed, poor wretch! to being approached with what, to a pure woman, would have been insult. Hers had been a dark life, but when this proposal was made to her, the creature glowed and shone with radiance; she absolutely radiated beauty, and threw herself into the arms of the man she instantly resolved to sacrifice to his own madness, with a wild moan of joy. What kisses she bestowed upon him! how he clutched her to his breast and then repulsed her, saying, poor soul! "Can it not be to-morrow? Will you be my wife to-morrow?"

He was mad; you know, and alas! not the first nor the last that talent and diabolical beauty have found and will find as a sacrifice.

If any one of his friends had caused him to be incarcerated, till the Laschetti was out of America; in a madhouse, it would have been a kind act, a deed of charity.

They were married on the following Friday, and the carriage in which they drove to a house of handsome exterior, which Albert had hired and caused to be furnished with that short space of time, was followed by a man whose face wore the impress of every hideous passion that ever tortured the votaries of sin.

You have seen the false Gretchen, Giovanna, the true Gretchen, Ione; Faust in Albert, (do you remember how young Faust becomes at heart, after the metamorphosis?) behold, now, Mephistopheles!

It is singularly disagreeable and rare, apart from the Italian type, to meet with a human being whose undisguised and irrefragable identity directly suggests to the most unbiased mind that nature intended him for the role of the devil in the life-drama, to play the deuce with himself and others.

Paulo Rossi needed no curling black lines upon his brow, no red coat slashed with black upon his back, no shoes shaped like a cloven foot, no stage demon laugh to suggest by his presence both infernal fires and diabolic deeds; yet it was not beauty that was lacking in his face. The devil would not be so powerful if he were ugly, and Rossi was as handsome as

Ary Scheffer's devil, where he is represented as tempting the Saviour upon the high mountain.

What terrible power shone in Paulo's eyes! It was a fearful thing to meet them, for their lustre could soften, as it had which he had lured many a poor victim to the gambling-table, many a woman to her ruin, and Giovanna Laschetti to what would be her doom in the end.

She thought she had escaped him now. She had bribed him to leave the country, had paid him the money to do so; had given him a large sum beside; but he knew of wealth that was Albert Delmanie's—wholly his own—the inheritance left him by his father, independently of his remaining parent, and Paulo resolved to remain in New-York. In a few months the money given by Giovanna was gone.

What did it matter to Rossi that, notwithstanding the mother of Albert was wild with grief at the knowledge of the step her son had taken, the young couple were madly happy! What did he care for the imploring looks that Giovanna would give him, when he would draw near threateningly if their carriage halted in the park of stopped at any door! What cared he that she had already turned a diamond bracelet into money to meet the demands which some mysterious power enabled him to make upon her! Flint was soft as snow in comparison to Rossi's heart, and the imploring, quivering hands more than once stretched out to him from the carriage window only excited a sneer sufficiently diabolic to have made the fortune of any actor in the role for which nature had fitted the Italian, and which he had passed his life in performing.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

**WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR HOUSE.**  
After we were married, we'll say about a year, my mother there was a terrible commotion in our house—old wimmin a running in an out, and finally the doctress, he em. I was in a great hurry myself, wantin to hear, I hardly knoeed what, but arter a while, an ole grammy of a woman, as had been busy about that, poked her head into the room whar I was a walkin' about and sed:

"Mr. Sporum, hit's a gal."  
"What?" says I.  
"A gal," she sed; and with that she pops her head back agin.

Well, thinks I, I'm the ducky uv a gal; and begin to feel my keepin mite-ly—I'd rather it was a boy tho', thinks I, fur then he'd feel nearer to me, as how he'd bare my name and there'd be less chance for the Sporms to run out, but considerin' everything, a gal will do mite well. Jist then the ole muss pokes her head in agin and sed,

"Another wan, Mr. Sporum; a fine boy."

"Another," says I, "that's rather crowdin things on to a feller."

She lallered poked her head back. Well, thinks I, this is no joke sure, I'll have family counil to do me in a few years.

Jis then the ole she devil (always shall hate her) pokes her head in; and sed,

"Another gal, Mr. Sporum."

"Another what," says I.  
"Another gal," says she.

"Well, says I, go rite strate an te'l Sal I won't stand it, I don't want 'em, an I ain't goin to have 'em; dis she think I'm a Turk or a Mormon or Brigham Young that she go fur to have tribbles? three at a pop! Dis she think I'm worth a hundred thousand dollars that I'm John Jacob Astor, or Mr. Roschile that I kin afford tribbles, an clothe an feed an school three children at a time? I ain't a goin to stand it no how; I didn't want 'em, and ain't a going to now, nmr no uther time. Hain't I been a good an dootifal husband to Sal? Hain't I kep in doors uv a nite, an quit chawn tobacker an smokin segars just to please her? Hain't I attended devine worship reglar? Hain't I bought her all the bonnets an frocks she wanted, an then fur her to go an have tribbles. She nodd better an had'n' orter dun it. I didn't think Sal wd serve me sich a trick now. Have I ever stole a horse? Have I ever done enny mean trick, that she would serve me in this way? An with that I laid down on the settee, an felt orful bad, an the more I tho't about it, the was I felt,

Presently Sals mammy, ole Miss Jones, cum in an ses,

"Peter, cum in an sed what purty chillun you've got."

Chillun, says I, you'd better say a hole litter. Now Miss Jones, I luv Sal you uv an have tried to make a good husband, but I call this a sealy trick, an ef thurs enny law in this country, I'm goin to see ef a woman kin hev tribbles, an make a man take keer

uv 'em. I ain't goin to begin to do it, ses I."

With that she lallered fit to kill her-self, an made all sorts of fun of me, and sed enny nther man would be proud to be in my shoes. I told her I'd sellout mity cheap ef enny body wanted to take my place. Well the up-shot uv it was, that she persuaded me that I was rong, and got me to go into the room whar they all was.

When I got in, Sal looked so lovin at me, and reached out her little hands so much like a poor, dear little helpless child, that I forgot everything but my luv for her, and folded her gently to my hart like a precious treasure, and felt like I didn't keer ef she had too and forty uv 'em. Jist then number wun set up a whine like a young pup, and all the ballance folloed. Them thrillbles knoeed their daddy.

Well, everyt hing was made up, an Sal promised she wd never do it agin; an since then I hev been at work serthin, workin all day to make bred fur them thrills, an bissy nush uv 'em at nite. The fact is, ef I didn't have a mity good constitution, I'd had to give in long ago. Number wun has the colick an wakes up number two an he wakes up number three, an so it goes, an me a flyin about all the time to keep them quiet.

**SKATING.**—The way a "green 'un" tried skating is found described in these words, to-wit:

A slant to the right with the right foot, a slant to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice and stepped to pick it up. On our feet again—two slants to the right and one to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice and stopped to pick it up. On our feet again two slants to the right and one to the left accompanied with a loss of confidence. Another side with the right foot, and we sat down with fearful rapidity, but with little if any elegance. What a set down it was, for we made a dent in the ice not unlike an old-fashioned butter-dish! Just then one of the ladies remarked: "Oh look, Mary, that fellow with the plug hat ain't got his skates on the right place." Ditto, thought we. Just then a ragged little devil sung out as he passed us, "Hello! old timber legs!" and we rose suddenly and put after him. Three slides to the right, two to the left, and away went our legs, one to the east and the other to the west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and a picture of a butter dish in the cold—oh, how cold—ice. The lady—we knew she was ore by the remark she made—again spoke and said: "Oh look, Mary, that chap with the plug hat on has has set down on his handkerchief to keep from taking cold. We rose about as graceful as a saw horse, when Mary said, "Guess it 'aint a handkerchief, Jane," and Mary was right.

**A YANKEE PRAYER.**—In the State of Ohio, there resided a family, consisting of an old man, of the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of whom were hard "pots," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious, though very eccentric, minister, who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, where the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival, he found the young man very painful and anxious to be prayed with. The minister calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise: "O Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes. We thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee send one to bite John; and one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam; and, O Lord, send the biggest one you have to bite the old man; for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

A woman in New Jersey wore her son had worked on a farm ever since he was born. To the question what did he do the first year, the attorney was astounded to receive the ready answer, "He milked."

Weak doses of washboards are now recommended to ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood saws.

Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith? demanded Mr. Jones. "Home sir; don't detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I am trying to get home before the fashion changes."

The steady lights of heaven waver in the water; some of the great lights of earth in brandy and water.



## A CHANCE FOR Great Bargains

**CUSON & GARNETT,**  
CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.  
ARE now offering their stock of  
**BOOTS & SHOES**  
HATS, CAPS,  
**Queensware, &c.**  
AT COST, for CASH ONLY.

We also offer for sale our STORE ROOM  
East side of Main Street, one door  
south of Pike, on reasonable terms. The  
house is centrally located, and is suitable  
for any business that may one day wish to  
engage in. Change of business and location  
the reason for selling.

CUSON & GARNETT.  
Fall. 1866. Winter.

**D. A. GIVENS,**

DEALER IN

Foreign & Domestic Dry-Goods,

BOOTS & SHOES, CLOAKS, FURS,

Carpeting, Oil Cloth, Jeans,

LINSEY, COTTON YARN,

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

ATTENTION is called especially to my  
DRESS GOODS, Most of which are Custom  
made Boots and Shoes, also, to the fact that  
I keep a full stock of Gray's Jeans and stock-  
ing yarn. I am selling goods to cash and  
promptly paying buyers at a very small ad-  
vance on New York prices. Thankful for  
the very liberal patronage extended me and  
hopeful of its continuance.

I am most respectfully,  
D. A. GIVENS.  
P. S.—Those of my customers that are in  
arrears will come forward and liquidate.  
Nov. 8, 1866. D. A. G.

**KRUCH & SCHUTZ,**

HAVING opened a new establishment on  
the corner of Main Street and Court  
Square, are prepared to furnish the people  
of Cynthia and vicinity with fresh Bread,  
fresh cakes and pie every evening.

They also keep on hand all kinds of

**CONFEDIONARIES,**

Cove Oysters, Tobacco & Cigars

Parties and Families will be furnished  
with all kinds of cakes and Confectionaries.  
We keep Cakes, &c., made to order.

The public are respectfully invited to call  
and examine their stock.

April 12, 1866-17.

There comes glad tidings of joy to all.  
To young and old to great and small:  
The beauty which once was so precious and  
leaving for all, and all map be fair—[rare,  
by the use of

**CHASTELLAR'S**  
**WHITE LIQUID**  
ENAMEL.

For improving and beautifying the Com-  
plexion. The most valuable and perfect  
preparation in use for giving the skin a  
beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found  
in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles,  
Pimples, Blisters, Moth Patches, Sallow-  
ness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the  
skin, kindly leaving the same leaving the  
skin white and clean as alabaster. Its use  
can not be detected by the closest scrutiny,  
and being a vegetable preparation is per-  
fectly harmless. It is the only article of  
the kind used by the French, and is consid-  
ered by the Parisian as indispensable to a  
perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles  
were sold during the past year, a sufficient  
guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75  
cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of  
an order, by Berger, Shultz & Co., Chem-  
ists, 255 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

**EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!**

**CHASTELLAR'S**

**HAIR EXTERMINATOR!!!**

FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS

HAIR. To the Ladies especially, this

invaluable depilatory recommends itself as

being an almost indispensable article to fe-  
male beauty. It is easily applied, does not  
burn the skin, but acts directly on the roots.

It is warranted to remove superfluous hair  
from low foreheads or from any part of the  
body, completely, totally, and radically ex-  
terminating the same, leaving the skin soft,  
smooth and natural. This is the only arti-  
cle used by the French, and is the only ef-  
fectual depilatory in existence. Price 75  
cents per package, sent post-paid, to any  
address, on receipt of an order, by Berger,  
Shultz & Co., Chemists, 255 River Street,  
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Whiskers and Mustaches forced to  
grow upon the smooth  
face in from three  
to five weeks by using  
Berger's Hair Ex-  
terminator. One  
package will last for  
months.

The most wonderful discovery in modern science  
nothing upon the Beard and Hair in an al-  
most instantaneous manner. It has been used  
by the elite of Paris and London with the  
most flattering success. Names of all pur-  
chasers will be registered, and if entire sat-  
isfaction is not given in every instance, the  
money will be cheerfully refunded. Price  
by mail, sealed and post-paid, \$1. Descrip-  
tive circulars and testimonials mailed free.  
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255 River St., Troy, N. Y., sole agents for  
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Beauty.— Auburn,  
Golden, Flaxen,  
and Silken Curls pro-  
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Prof. DeBelle's Hair  
Exterminator. One  
package will last for  
months.

application warrant-  
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hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or  
heavy massive curls. Has been used by the  
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## THE CYNTHIANA NEWS.

CYNTHIANA, KY.

THURSDAY, : : : : Feb. 28, 1867

A. J. MOREY, EDITOR.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JOHN L. HELM,  
of Hardin.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

JOHN W. STEVENSON,  
of Kenton.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

JOHN RODMAN,  
of Franklin.

FOR AUDITOR.

D. HOWARD SMITH,  
of Owen.

FOR TREASURER.

JAS. W. TATE,  
of Franklin.

FOR REGISTERS.

JAS. A. DAWSON,  
of Hart.

FOR SUFF. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Z. F. SMITH,  
of Henry.

Democratic Convention.

The State Democratic Convention

was held last Friday in Frankfort, and

from all we can learn, it was one of

the grandest, as well as the greatest

gathering the people of Kentucky ever

held. Every county in the State

was represented, except three, and the

crowd was so great that the good peo-  
ple of Frankfort were unable to enter-  
tain them all. For that however they

were not to blame because it was

not believed that such a host would

come together, at this season of the

year. The people of Kentucky are

certainly aroused at last, and are be-  
ginning to think and believe, that un-  
less they assist in guiding the ship

of State, that constitutional rights,  
people and all, will perish together.

They evinced an interest in State af-  
fairs last Friday, an earnestness that

will carry dismay and despair to the

heart of every radical in Kentucky,  
and give strength and encouragement

to every democrat in the United  
States. The lovers of Constitutional

liberty everywhere, are rejoiced at  
the firmness and determined stand

taken by their friends in Kentucky—for  
the democracy here, is a nucleus, ar-  
round which, those of other States can

rally. We have faith in democratic  
principles, and the democratic party,  
and no triumph, of the hell-hounds

who attempt to rule the national gov-  
ernment, can change our firm belief

in their entire and final overthrow,  
and vindication of a Constitutional

party and principles. Our reason for  
this belief and firmness is because de-  
mocracy has come nearer the great

Christian and humanitarian principles  
taught in the New Testament, than  
any other doctrine preached by any

other party, and as certain as truth  
will triumph over falsehood, and right  
over wrong, so certain will democracy

triumph over all other principles  
tought under the sun.

The harmony of the convention was

remarkable throughout. Every thing

was transacted with perfect good feel-  
ing and without a solitary jar. This is

surprising, when we consider the  
large number of delegates present.

We confess ourselves astonished, no lit-  
tle at the spirit exhibited by those who

were defeated for position before the  
Convention, and very considerably

surprised at the magnanimous spirit  
exhibited by the brave Col. Wolford,

whom we believe should have been  
made Lt. Governor, for we respect

any man who will stand for what he  
believes is right, and resists that which

he believes is wrong. Col. Wolford  
is destined to receive attention from  
the democratic party. We endorse

the entire democratic ticket, but de-  
sire to say that the democratic party

owe Mr. Stevenson nothing. He is  
always been on hand when the party

has favors to distribute; but has never  
a word to say for his party, or a help-  
ing hand to lend, when that party

needs assistance. He is not our style,  
and will be voted for simply because  
the party nominated him, not for any-  
thing that he has sacrificed for his

principles or party.

Ex-Governor J. L. Helm, was nomi-  
nated for Governor, one of the great-  
est and best men in the nation. His

name is a tower of strength, and he  
will carry this State by an overwhelm-  
ing majority. He is a front rank man,  
and we shall feel honored when we

have the privilege of voting for him.

The balance of the candidates are  
all good and true men, and will like  
the name mentioned above receive  
the united vote of the triumphant de-  
mocracy of Kentucky.

The people of Harrison will meet,  
it is hoped next court day, in Cynthi-  
ana, and ratify these nominations. Let  
us have a grand rally, and a good time

generally. At that time, we will  
know our candidate for Congress, in  
this district, and he will be here, who-  
ever he may be, and give us a good

speech.

The democracy of old Harrison, are  
no back-boneless drones; or whining

grammies, who gas and blow about their  
rights, and like some we wot of never  
defend them; but they are ready at all

times to stand by the right, and resist  
the wrong.

(From the Louisville Courier.)

Our Ticket.

In accordance with the fiat of the

representatives of the people, assem-  
bled at Frankfort on yesterday, we

this morning place at our mast-head  
the name of Hon. John L. Helm as our  
candidate for Governor, and that of

John W. Stephenson as our candidate  
for Lieutenant Governor.

Our information from Frankfort is  
that the convention was the largest

ever held in the State; that it was en-  
tirely harmonious, and that the very  
best feelings prevailed. The number

of delegates was much larger than that  
at the 1st of May Convention of last  
year, and all seemed actuated by a

patriotic desire to present such a ticket  
as would consolidate and make ef-  
fective the entire opposition to radi-  
calism in the State.

The ticket is one around which the  
forces of Radicalism can rally with en-  
thusiasm, and which we can present

to the people with confidence. With  
such names, we can appeal to every  
friend of the Constitution and republi-  
can institutions, to take his place in

our ranks, with no fears that the ap-  
pel will be disregarded.

The names of John L. Helm and  
John W. Stephenson are the house-  
hold words in Kentucky. The great

talents and sterling integrity of these  
gentlemen, together with their valu-  
able public services, have made them

well and favorably known throughout  
the length and breadth of the State.  
Probably no two men could have been  
presented who would have combined  
the same amount of talent and the  
same degree of popularity.

The following speech was made  
in the State Democratic Convention  
on the 22nd inst by Col. Wolford:

Gentlemen, permit me to return to  
my numerous friends who have urged  
my name in the Convention for Lieut-  
enant Governor, my most profound  
thanks. I thank you gentlemen, from  
the bottom of my heart. Permit me to

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thanks. I thank you gentlemen, from  
the bottom of my heart. Permit me to

assure you that no man in the Com-  
monwealth of Kentucky will more  
cheerfully go forth to battle for the  
nominees of the Convention. (Great  
applause.)

I am not a Virginia Democrat, for  
I was an old Whig and a Know Noth-  
ing, and I belong to the Union party;  
but when I see the principles for which  
I had contended, sought to be tramp-  
led under foot—when I see our breth-  
ren of the South, who fought most no-  
bly and gallantly, through, as I believe  
a lost cause—who, when I see them  
deprived of power, and an attempt  
made to promote the negro to power

over them, I am ready to unite with  
men of all parties, and go forth to bat-  
tle and to save this Government and  
the liberty of the people. A military  
despotism is fastened upon a portion  
of the land, and an attempt is being  
made to fasten a military despotism  
upon all the balance of the country.

Kentucky, heretofore, has stood true  
to the principles of our Government,  
and I hope, shall always stand. We  
must save this Government by united  
efforts, forgetting and forgiving the  
past, and standing together, deeming  
that all were wrong in some things  
and right in some things. Let us  
stand together and resist that almost  
resistless tide that threatens to blot  
the fairest Government that was ever  
given to man. If true to ourselves we  
may yet pick up fragments of civil lib-  
erty; vindicate personal rights, and  
vindicate the great principles of State  
rights (immense applause) and vindi-  
cate the ancient name and glory of one  
State. I believe there is a brighter  
future for us, it is no time to talk about  
difficulties of the past, let us present a  
united front to the foe, to the enemy  
of a white man's government, and lib-  
erty will be ours. Let me tell you  
that I am glad you have made the  
choice you have, and hope you will  
stand to him. (Great applause.)

A few years since the Federal  
government imported a lot of carcasses  
for trial on the bare and parched  
plains of the West. During the past  
year, what remains of them have been  
running regularly as a freight train  
between Virginia City and Austin Ne-  
vado. They carry about six hundred  
pounds being double what a mule will  
carry; not requiring shoes, water at  
long intervals, lying down to rest with  
loads on their backs, finding abundant  
feed on the scanty herbage of the desert  
they are admirably fitted for the  
purpose; they keep healthy, will breed  
when taken care of and not over-  
worked, and can carry such freight as  
can be packed on them cheaper than  
can be done in any other way. All  
the problems involved in their intro-  
duction may be considered as solved  
in their favor yet such is the force of  
habit and prejudice that no pains are  
taken to perpetuate them, and they  
are gradually dying out.

St. Louis had 3,280 deaths during  
the year 1866.

BRUTAL.—On Monday afternoon, a  
young man, or rather boy, was sitting  
on a barrel on the corner in front of  
Mr. Mulligan's grocery, on Mulberry  
street, with his head resting on his  
hand, apparently almost asleep. While  
in this position, a man walked  
up in front, and another came up on  
horseback, directly behind, halted and  
said to the one on foot: "Shoot the  
son of a b—h; and jump on my  
horse. In less time than it takes to  
tell it, the one thus addressed, drew a  
large navy revolver, but instead of fir-  
ing it, raised it up and struck the un-  
suspecting boy a terrible blow directly  
across the forehead, and before the  
latter could raise up he was struck  
with the same weapon across the top  
of the head. The cowardly assailant  
then jumped upon the horse behind  
his companion, and both started off at  
full speed, and would have escaped  
had not Officer Martin, who was near  
by at the time, rushed into the street,  
just in time to catch the one who  
struck the boy; by the coat as he was  
riding by, and dragged him to the  
ground. After a desperate struggle,  
in which the fellow attempted to use  
his pistol, he was secured, but not  
without assistance. He was tried the  
same afternoon, and fined, costs and  
all, thirty-four dollars. All the parties  
are from Madison county, and this  
skirmish was but a continuance of  
some of the desperate feuds, which  
produced such terrible results in that  
county a few months ago. Officer  
Martin deserves the greatest credit for  
his conduct in the matter.—Observer  
& Reporter.







